

A New Story Next Week. The Avenging Angels. An Indian Tale.

JOURNAL SATURDAY

THE

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GOOD-BY, BUT COME AGAIN!

BY JOS. P. MORAN.

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And as they pass we can withhold the fervent cry  
"Come again?"  
Each brings its pleasure, each its pain,  
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From uttering a heartfelt and a sad "Good-by,"  
But come again—sweet seasons, come again!  
And memory, too, plays well its part,  
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How many happy scenes that long since had gone by  
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In visions, too, we often see  
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"Come again!"  
Sometimes a glimpse of Heaven we get,  
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Oath-Bound:

THE MASKED BRIDE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "SHADOWED HEART," "SCARLET CREST," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A BOLD RESOLVE.

A LONELY country roadside, at the gloaming, is perhaps not the most pleasant place to ride by one's self, particularly if that same lonesome self be a young, pretty girl, as young and pretty as Undine Del Rose, who, with her eyes glowing like twin stars, and her round, dusky cheeks flushing with a rich, scarlet bloom, was dashing along toward the railway station. Her good fortune had exceeded her wildest dreams; that she should compel proud Bertrand Haighte to take her hand in friendship at the very first interview, was news enough to make her heart beat joyously; as joyously it did beat, as she hastened on.

At the railway depot she returned the horse she had hired, purchased a ticket for New York, and then, as if impatient of quiet restfulness, paced to and fro on the long, deserted platform.

On her pretty hand shone the curious jewel, whose vivid scarlet veins reminded one of living blood, and Undine Del Rose caressed it with a sort of horrible triumph. A few moments later, and the long train came thundering on; halted a second, took this handsome dark girl, and a half-dozen other passengers, and then went speeding along again, now under dark tunnels, now out into the shimmering starlight; always winding, like a huge serpent of fire, along the soft-flowing Hudson.

It had told nine o'clock by Undine's tiny little Geneva watch, as she alighted at the city terminus, and looked, half inquiringly, half expectantly, about her.

A gentleman, dressed in the prevailing style, of engaging manners and fine appearance, came forward to meet her.

"Undine! I was afraid you would be unable to catch the train. I've been so long to see you. It seems an age since this morning."

Undine's face darkened, and she ignored the extended hand.

"It seems to me you are ever the one I am compelled to be welcomed by. Where is the carriage?"

The fair blonde face flushed at the words.

"Undine, my darling, do not speak so.

Remember—"

"I remember but one thing, and that is, I detest you more thoroughly after this visit. I've paid that I ever did before."

Her eyes sparkled like beads of jet under a brilliant lamplight, as they thus exchanged salutations in a low, whispering monotone.

"Here is the carriage, Undine. Mrs. St. Havens sent it."

Perhaps Undine Del Rose did not notice it in her haughty wrath, but Clifford Temple's voice was cold and careless when he spoke; but she certainly did observe that he never offered her hand, as was his wont delightedly to do, as she stepped into the brougham.

"Your manners seem to have flown with your welcome."

Undine glanced sideways at him, never fearing but that a few pet words from her could drive away the shadows from his face, as she had done a dozen times before.

But to-night Undine Del Rose had spoken careless words that had estranged a heart that loved her. And how often do we do the very selfsame thing!

It was with a new sensation—one of curiosity to know what to make of this strange disposition on Clifford Temple's part, and of fear lest she had really destroyed the love she had thought to trifle with—that Undine Del Rose leaned back in the satin cushions of Mrs. St. Havens' elegant brougham, and watched her lover from under her veiling lashes.

"Is that so? I must confess that the rather cool reception I received may have served to damp them."

He just glanced at her, and Undine wondered if it would quite kill her to have Clifford Temple cease to love her? and yet,

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the dense darkness, striving to hide the palor he felt creeping over his face.

"She is well, Gussie, *ma*. And the rest of the Roscoes, too. I was there to-day, as usual."

He spoke naturally, wondering to himself why he did not tell them the strange events of the day. Something deterred him; and he obeyed the silent impulse.

"We are going back to New York to-morrow for a couple of days," said Lena, "perhaps you and Crystal will go?" She has such exquisite taste in selecting goods. The cards are not out yet, to hinder either of you."

"I certainly have no objection."

He murmured the words very indifferently, Mrs. Haighte thought, and his sisters. But they made no remarks thereon.

"Then, please ride over to Edenville early in the morning, and bring Crystal and Hellice back."

Pretty, imperious Gussie kissed her hand to her brother, and then went, singing a gay tune, up the stairs.

Mrs. Haighte followed, bidding her son good-night, leaving Lurline alone with her brother.

"I did not want to speak before them, Bertrand; but I must tell you. Oh, brother, I have met the one at last! I loved him as soon as I saw him; am I unimpaired, Bertrand? I knew you would sympathize with me if any one would, because you are so happy in the love of little Crystal Roscoe!"

He almost groaned, but Lurline did not perceive it.

"Unimpaired, my stately sister! I can not imagine a Haighte, a woman of our family being that. No, my dear Lena, to love is never unwomanly; provided the loved one be an idol worthy of worship. Who is this Mr. Temple?"

"He carries that same perfume. Isn't it glorious?" *Le Del Rose*, he called it, when I remarked its sweetness.

Bertrand started.

"Del Rose! That was her name! Strange! Lurline's low, confidential voice broke the reverie he was falling into.

"His name is most beautiful—Clifford Temple. He is so grand and elegant; far different from the other men I have been in contact with this long, dreary summer. I can not tell you more, save that he is the only idolized son of his widowed mother; rich and aristocratic!"

Her voice mellowed down to a happy whisper; and Bertrand stooped and kissed her.

"Good-night, Lurline. Dream of him, sister dear, and if he be worthy, and love you as you love him, all will be well!"

Then, after she had left him with her sweet secret, Bertrand sat, long after Undine Del Rose had made her vow to win him; long after Crystal Roscoe had extinguished her light and had sobbed herself to an unquiet slumber in Hellice's true arms.

He was wondering what to say, what to do, when he went to Edenville on the morrow morning, as he was expected to do.

And, with Crystal's white, rounded face, and Undine's haunting eyes floating alternately before him, he sat and mused, alone with the silent midnight and his own sad thoughts.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE FINAL RENUNCIATION.

The family at Edenville had just arisen from the breakfast-table, as Bertrand Haighte's card was handed to Crystal.

General Roscoe had passed from the breakfast-parlor into his private study, and did not see the look of infinite agony that rushed to Crystal's face as she turned to Hellice.

"I can not see him. You will tell him, Hellice. Tell him it is cruel to come here; tell him—"

Hellice gently stopped her sister's excited speech.

"It would be far better, poor little one, that you should see him. Perhaps he can explain—perhaps that is his errand."

A sudden radiance leaped to Crystal's face, and she caught her sister's hand excitedly.

"Hellice! do you think he has come for that? oh! my heart seems stopping at the bare suggestion! What can he have ridden over, for thus early, unless it be to make it all right?"

Then, darting by her sister, she almost flew into the sunny parlor, where Bertrand awaited her.

"Oh, Bertrand, tell me quickly that you have come to explain this awful mystery that is keeping us apart! Tell me, dearest, I am right!"

She wound her two clinging arms around his neck, and he felt her rapid, irregular breathing on his face. For a moment he held her in a painfully fierce embrace; then he gently held her away.

"Oh, my poor darling, my suffering, loving little one, I would to God that were my errand!"

A cry, fraught with agony, fell from her lips; and she staggered away from him to the sofa.

He followed her, yet afar off.

"My lips are sealed, Crystal. How dare I prove recreant to the trust imposed on me before my birth? Oh, my darling, my darling, *won't* you have mercy on me, on yourself, and let me have you for my own, regardless of this past trouble?"

"But *Florian*," she murmured, faintly.

A fierce pang reminded him of it. True, there was Florian. In the excitement of seeing her, and the witchery that Undine Del Rose had cast about him, he had forgotten why he dared not marry her; forgotten the very cause of all his troubles.

But he remembered it now, with renewed sorrow.

"I would I had died before to-day," he exclaimed, passionately, pacing to and fro, and gazing upon Crystal's bowed head.

"No, live to avert this shadowing sorrow. Mr. Haighte, am I intruding?"

It was Hellice's sweet, womanly voice; a voice whose very sound inspired one with courage. He grasped her hands vehemently.

"If I might set us all right, I'd live a hundred years in the loneliest dungeon at The Towers. Oh, Hellice, sister Hellice, I am afraid she will die, and all because I have dared love her."

"That's wrong, Bertrand. You love Crystal; she loves you—nay, my sister, do not raise your head so imploringly for me to cease; let me do what I believe to be my duty. Let us all do our duty, and God will see to the issue. Yes, my dear Bertrand, you have loved in innocence and happiness; and now, because sudden clouds darken

your landscape, and unseen chasms debt your progress, you must not sit down and grieve."

"And what can I do? All the efforts mortal man can put forth will not undo the past."

Hellice smiled.

"I have thought this mysterious affair all over. Last night, in the silence and darkness, I watched the glimmer of light in the library windows at The Towers, and decided that it is wrong to allow such grief to kill you and her, without making an honest effort to remove it, for one, dear Bertrand, am willing to help you. May I?"

The young man looked at her in a sort of bewilderment.

"Have you any idea of what you are to do?"

"Not now. But can not your mother, when she learns this family secret from you, be able—"

Bertrand sprang to his feet.

"Tell a *female* the contents of that letter I swore never to reveal? that no mortal ear, save the oldest son, and the executor of the estate, ever heard, since there existed a Haighte?" Hellice, that were an impossible difficulty. That would bring down on my mother's head a most awful curse."

Hellice looked seriously at him.

"I may be wrong, but I think, were I you, for love's sake, I'd risk it."

She smiled kindly at him, then withdrew from the room.

Neither spoke for several minutes; then it was Crystal who broke the oppressive silence.

"Bertrand, I have but one favor to ask of you. Will you grant it? Promise me, on your solemn word."

She laid her white, trembling hand on his arm.

"I'll swear to any thing you ask, my darling."

"Then please don't come to Edenville any more. Oh, Bertrand, I see plainly I must give you up. I must steel my heart to fate, Bertrand. I never will accept your hand, even if you explain this mystery; because, if, by so doing, you bring a curse on your mother, what pleasure would such a dearly-bought privilege bring us? No, Bertrand, your first love, your best allegiance, is to your mother. I can suffer for you, my darling, if not with you. Now, Bertrand, you see I am strong and brave; please say good-by, just as any friend would do, and then go away. I will explain to papa; you to Mrs. Haighte, and Lurline, and Gussie."

She was leaning against the snowy-white rep of her lounging chair, and her scarlet-stained cheeks, and jetty hair, streaming over neck and rounded bosom; her glowing, sparkling eyes, made a rare, Orientally warm, picture.

"He has come to me; he must learn to love, be the result what it may. He will come again, I feel sure; to-night I think. The fates favor me, for Mrs. St. Havens will be absent till Saturday—Oh, Bertrand Haighte, I'd sell my very soul for your love—such love as I feel for you!"

It had gradually grown dusky, as she sat there, her dark, passionate eyes partly vailed by their heavy lashes, her small hands, as perfect as nature ever molded, crossed on her breast, in an attitude of exquisite, dreamy reverie.

Presently she arose, and lighted the gas; then rung for her maid to arrange her toilet.

Confident in her expectation of meeting Bertrand Haighte, and conscious of her beauty, as also her determination to lay siege to his heart, she selected her most becoming dress.

He suddenly caught her in his arms, and pressed hot kisses on her pale face, her quivering lips; then, as if he feared his own violence might frighten her, he reverently laid his hands on her fair head.

"I have sworn, my darling; and because a Haighte never yet was false to his word, that is the reason why I, this day give you up, forever and forever!"

There was no haste in his movements as he departed; he seemed suddenly petrified.

He felt no sorrow, no regret, no disquiet, only this horrible stillness that was not restfulness, this painful calmness that was not resignation.

So he went home, and met Gussie on the front lawn.

"Is she coming? Where's Hellice and Crystal?"

Then he remembered why he had gone to Edenville.

"Oh, it is impossible for them to leave home to-day."

Gussie's pretty face clouded.

"Never mind, sister *ma*. I'll go, and that's next best, isn't it?"

Again he locked the news between his lips that must be told soon. But he thought of the two days that were as days of grace to him, before his family would be compelled to learn the truth; and he decided to wait until their return to The Towers again.

If he had but spoken! if he had but known, but thought! In after days he remembered it, and wondered why he was permitted to follow his own way.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### ONE DAY.

BERTRAND HAIGHTE tried in vain to analyze his feelings as he rode along in the swift-flying train that morning, with his beautiful sisters and stately mother.

Lurline and Gussie were chatting away on some light, joyous subjects; Lena with her sweet, grave face irradiated with a delicate scarlet bloom as they neared the place where she would see the one she had so suddenly learned to love.

Bertrand's thoughts puzzled him. First, he was alarmed to find how vividly those witching, liquid eyes seemed ever peering into his own; he was ashamed that his heart was not broken because of Crystal Roscoe; he wondered if Clifford Temple and *Le Del Rose*, and Undine, were any way connected; and finally, he could not understand how it was that his mother and sisters were on their way to purchase articles for his marriage, when the bride-elect was no more to him than any stranger.

Then, by some curious lightning speed of reasoning, he thought perhaps, after all, he would see the splendid girl who held such a romantic hold on him; he might love her—he blushed at the audacity of his unspoken thoughts—Crystal refused to marry him; the wedding might still be, with a change of bride!

And as the long train steamed into the depot, he sprang from his seat, vexed, and mortified that he had given such free rein to his imagination!

"We are to drive to Mrs. Temple's. We promised her this visit."

And so they rode straight on to their fate—Bertrand Haighte and Lurline!

Mrs. Temple met the party in her elegant reception-salon.

"I am delighted to meet your son, Mrs. Haighte," she said, as Bertrand was presented.

"I am sure my boy, Clifford, will be as pleased to meet him. And now, after lunch, we will go on a shopping tour; then call on Mrs. St. Havens; then through the Boulevard home to dinner; after that to hear Nilsson. Is my programme agreeable?"

An answer was prevented by the entrance of a gentleman.

Mrs. Temple arose.

"This is my son, Mr. Clifford; Mr. Haighte."

Temple advanced to exchange greetings, and Bertrand instantly detected that same sweet, nameless fragrance that Undine had left after her. He longed to ask him, but pride forbade.

"If I might set us all right, I'd live a hundred years in the loneliest dungeon at The Towers. Oh, Hellice, sister Hellice, I am afraid she will die, and all because I have dared love her."

"That's wrong, Bertrand. You love Crystal; she loves you—nay, my sister, do not raise your head so imploringly for me to cease; let me do what I believe to be my duty. Let us all do our duty, and God will see to the issue. Yes, my dear Bertrand, you have loved in innocence and happiness; and now, because sudden clouds darken

perfectly happy in the society of Clifford, Bertrand was restlessly watching every passing stage and carriage for a glimpse of that radiant, flushed face. Several times Clifford rallied him on his abstraction, but Gussie always excused him.

"He is lonely away from his betrothed. Mr. Temple. Wouldn't you be perfectly disconsolate?"

"If the lady were so charming as yourselves, I would certainly suffer terribly."

And while Gussie was laughing so merrily, Temple would steal a glance at Lurline that made her cheeks bloom gloriously.

"And now for Mrs. St. Havens."

They drove up, and Bertrand alighted, little thinking he was to meet his fate within those walls.

The footman announced that the lady in question was not at home, but that Miss Undine Del Rose was in.

Bertrand's listless ears caught the sound, and his heart leaped to his throat.

Mrs. Temple turned to Mrs. Haighte.

"We need not go in, then."

Bertrand interposed, with apparently indifferent manner, but wildly-throbbing heart.

"Perhaps Lena and Gussie are fatigued riding and wish to alight."

But Lurline was only too happy to sit there on the carriage seat forever, with Clifford Temple beside her; she did not say so, however, but implied her present comfort.

Gussie was in an impatient mood for the Boulevard, and so Bertrand could do no more than glance at the house, take its number, and be driven away. And, during these five minutes of debate, Undine Del Rose was peeping from behind the lace curtains of her room, with flashing eyes, and triumphant smile; her proud heart beating as it was seldom wont to beat, as she looked down on the man she already worshipped so madly.

As the carriage drove away, she drew a long breath of relief.

"What can be more fortunate than that Mrs. St. Havens is from home?"

She was leaning against the snowy-white rep of her lounging chair, and her scarlet-stained cheeks, and jetty hair, streaming over neck and rounded bosom; her glowing, sparkling eyes, made a rare, Orientally warm, picture.

"She is the most beautiful—

"Then please don't come to Edenville any more. Oh, Bertrand, I see plainly I must give you up. I must steel my heart to fate, Bertrand. I never will accept your hand, even if you explain this mystery; because, if by so doing, you bring a curse on your mother, what pleasure would such a dearly-bought privilege bring us? No, Bertrand, your first love, your best allegiance, is to your mother. I can suffer for you, my darling, if not with you. Now, Bertrand, you see I am strong and brave; please say good-by, just as any friend would do, and then go away. I will explain to papa; you to Mrs. Haighte, and Lurline, and Gussie."

She was leaning against the snowy-white rep of her lounging chair, and her scarlet-stained cheeks, and jetty hair, streaming over neck and rounded bosom; her glowing, sparkling eyes, made a rare, Orientally warm, picture.

"She is the most beautiful—

or anybody who stood in the way of their accomplishment.

Nick greeted him in the usual formal manner customary at such times, and then questioned him regarding the death of Mioma.

How long since did it occur? Of what character did her disease appear to be? How long was she sick? Did she seem to suffer much? Did she leave any parting messages for her friends?

These inquiries were all made for the purpose of deceiving the chief into the belief of their sincerity.

The reply in substance was that she had died a week before. The symptoms, as he described them, were those of a violent fever, short and occasioning great suffering. The medicine-man of the village had done all that was possible for her, and her death was sincerely mourned by the entire village, who were all attached to her. As her mind was wandering during the entire time of her sickness, she left no tangible message for any of her pale-faced friends, who might seek her.

Then Nick stated that he would like to visit her grave before carrying word to her home many miles away. Woo-wol-na volunteered at once to lead him to it, and the two started.

As is well known, it is the frequent custom of the Indians of the North-west to bury their dead above ground—that is by placing them upon a sort of scaffold, where they are carefully wrapped up and left to decay by the action of time and the elements. This is often done, but, at the same time, as many, if not more, are placed beneath the sod, more after the manner of civilized life.

Woo-wol-na conducted the visitor to a beautiful spot about a tenth of a mile distant, where there was the appearance of a newly-made grave, where he said Mioma had been buried amid the lamentations of all the warriors and maidens of his tribe.

Then, with unexpected deference, the old chief withdrew and left him alone with his sorrow.

Knowing that he was carefully observing him all this time, the trapper affected a great deal more of grief than he felt, and when he had remained a proper time, he bade the grave farewell, and was escorted to the village by the chief, where he embarked in his canoe again, and started up-river. Ned was taken in a secret manner, and by lying down in the canoe was not observed by the lynx-eyed Blackfeet watching the trapper far on his way. The shrewd old man so well knew that he would thus be under surveillance, that he resolved to return all the way to his cabin and thus disarm the red scoundrels of all suspicion both of Ned's existence and of his (Nick's) own want of faith in their story regarding Mioma's death.

He chuckled with a satisfaction so hearty that, cautious as he was by nature and training, he could hardly refrain from a good loud laugh, as he paddled away, hour by hour, while the red-skinned, with almost superhuman efforts, kept along like shadows on his path.

"Trot along, ye greasy vagabones!" he said, in a low tone; "we'll give yer a twist that'll make yer devil's faces look worsen'n that hole ye dropped my boy in."

Silently, steadily he paddled, keeping Ned close and quiet in the canoe bottom, until they neared the cabin, when the old man permitted the younger to take the blade, which he did in silence, while faithful Calamity, like a grim sentinel, stood in the canoe's bow as if to relieve his old master from all further responsibility.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE BACK TRAIL.

"Now," said Nick, as they sat down in the cabin, "we can turn about and go back again. We've got rid of the condemned chief that we had."

"And all this time, what is poor Mioma suffering?" replied Ned, resting his hand upon his elbow, and looking the very picture of misery.

"She ain't suffering half as much as you," replied Nick, who, like a thoughtful host, was preparing a meal for two very hungry men. "She don't know she's dead, or we think she's gone under."

"But, how she must long for our coming! What weary years of waiting she has spent, and now she does not know whether they are to end or not. When do we start down-stream again?"

"It will be dark in an hour; we can make a good supper by that time, and I'll take a week's food with us, so we needn't stop to shoot game, when some of the varmints are near."

Nick was walking toward his fire-place, when he suddenly paused and looked back at his young friend, with a peculiar expression.

"Ned, what do you s'pose I b'l'eve?"

"I am sure I can not tell," he replied, looking up in no little surprise at the abruptness of the question.

"I think I know where to look for the gal."

"Where?" was the eager inquiry. "Certainly not Grizzly Bear Creek?"

"No; up that creek I p'nted out to you as we passed. Mind, I don't say she's there," added Nick; "I only s'pects it."

"You wouldn't suspect it without good cause," said Ned, "so I will take that grain of consolation."

"It's many a year ago and more that I helped Woo-wol-na out of his scrape with the Shoshone. I got several purty good digs myself in that scrimmage, so that I was carried back and laid up in one of the lodges for the rest of the winter; and I happened to think just now that that village then stood on the bank of the creek, about ten miles up it. The tribe staid that fur several years, and then moved down to where they now are. When they done it, they left that old lodges standing, and put up new lodges along the river. Now, the Blackfoot allers puts up his house with the idee that it's going to last awhile, and I've a mind that some of them old lodges are still standing, and would make the best kind of shelter for a chap that got lost in the woods."

"Have you seen any of them within a few years?"

"By mighty!" exclaimed Nick, in considerable excitement, "I slept in one of them lodges the very summer you left me, so they're likely to be some of 'em there still."

"And you think Mioma has been removed to that place?"

"That's it! It may be that I'm wrong, but I s'pose to gracious, that if she ain't there, I don't know where to look for her."

"Don't say that," said Ned, pleadingly;

"it will be hard enough to give up when we are compelled to. Until then, don't let me know that you can ever reach a point where you feel unable to do any thing."

"We're going to have a little moon tonight," thought Nick, "I'd just as lief get along without it as with it."

Nick spent the greater part of an hour in cooking meat for the expedition. He had learned in the great school of necessity, and he worked with that skill and dexterity that soon gave him all the food he needed.

Ned and he occupied but a few minutes in eating their evening meal, and then, accompanied by Calamity, they set out again for the river, where they had left their canoe lying. Their food was placed within the dog took his accustomed place, and just as the shades of night were closing upon forest and river, the paddle was dipped into the water, and they began what was to prove a most eventful journey.

All night long the iron arms of the trapper kept at work with the regularity of a steam engine, and seemingly without tiring any more than so much machinery. Mackintosh slept the greater part of the night, and when daylight came, they landed and made a few hours' halt. Then, under the direction of Nick Whiffles, Ned took the paddle, and they began stealing their way along shore down-stream; for, above all things, it was now important that they should not be seen by any of their enemies.

The greater part of the day was spent in stealing along in this cautious manner, constantly on the look-out for their enemies. Near the middle of the afternoon, they had a narrow escape from running directly in sight of a large canoe full of Indians, but, fortunately, they "backed water" and ran in under cover of the bank in time to escape discovery.

Just at nightfall the mouth of the creek was reached, and they landed. The boat was pulled up out of sight, and Calamity was left to guard the entrance, and the two withdrew out of sight altogether of any who might pass during daylight even.

Young Mackintosh could scarcely conceal his anxiety and impatience. If Nick had settled in his mind where they were to look for Mioma, he saw no reason why they should not press on at once and take time by the forelock.

"We expect to make our search there, Nick, and why wait until our foes are ahead of us?"

"Trust to me, trust to me" was the reply. "It may be that the Red Bear will come down the creek to-night, and, if that is so, we'll run afoul of him, as sure as the world."

"Why not go overland? It's only a matter of ten miles or so, and we can make it in a couple of hours."

"And leave a trail, that'll be sartin to betray us."

"Well, as you please then," replied Ned, settling himself back, in the expectation of spending a number of weary hours.

"You ought to have l'arned the virtue of patience, when you was Ned Hazel, tramping in the woods with me. Don't you know the Esquimaux of the upper Hudson Bay will set for a dozen hours by the air-hole in the ice waiting for the seal to come up and git speared?"

"I hope you don't expect we are going to do the same!"

"Not unless it is necessary, but we must wait; the Whiffles family always had the faculty of waiting. Fact of it was, some of 'em waited too long, and, fum all I know, some of 'em are still waiting—Hullo!"

At this juncture, Calamity gave utterance to a low, almost inaudible growl, and springing to their feet, both the men were at this side in an instant.

The faint moon, of which Nick had spoken, had risen, and was already overhead, so that they could both see to the opposite side of the narrow creek.

"Sh!" whispered the trapper, "some one is comin', sartin."

The ripple of oars was plainly discernible, and while they were straining their eyes to pierce the gloom, they saw a small canoe, with two Indians in it, making its way upstream.

It was near the center of the creek, and moving in a manner which showed the occupants had no fear or thought of discovery upon the part of corsairs or interlopers.

Nick was especially anxious to learn whether one of the men was Red Bear or not, but there was not sufficient light for the purpose, although he was satisfied in his own mind that the young chief was in the boat.

The two men scarcely breathed until the canoe had passed out of sight. Then the trapper noiselessly launched his own canoe, and entering, Calamity was placed in the stern.

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"I am sure I can not tell," he replied, looking up in no little surprise at the abruptness of the question.

"I think I know where to look for the gal."

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"And you think Mioma has been removed to that place?"

"That's it! It may be that I'm wrong, but I s'pose to gracious, that if she ain't there, I don't know where to look for her."

The sober thought of Mackintosh was that he could not refuse to acquiesce in his cool judgment and prudential deliberation.

"All this time the canoe was moving up the creek with the silence of some aquatic monster stealing his way through a gauntlet of enemies to some safe retreat in the ocean beyond. There was little likelihood of the boat ahead checking its speed, or being overtaken by its pursuer; but nevertheless there was a possibility, and Nick Whiffles was not the one to let his haste run him into any "condemned diffikilt" of that nature.

Calamity showed a realizing sense of the responsibility that rested upon his canine shoulders. Sitting on his haunches, with his forepaws resting upon the gunwale of the prow, he peered into the darkness, every sense on the alert for the dusky foes in advance.

The sound of a rustling leaf did not escape, nor did it deceive him. He had hunted and roamed to many years with his master to need any instruction at this late day. Nick knew exactly what the capabilities of the brute were, and precisely how far he was to be depended upon; so, while he kept the canoe cautiously gliding up one bank, he found time to hold whispered converse with his companion, scarcely looking ahead, but leaving that duty to his faithful friend.

Mike after mile glided behind them, and they were drawing near the spot where they believed the beautiful, the loving, the trusting Mioma was longingly awaiting their coming.

Nick Mackintosh became silent and thoughtful. The belief that the critical moment for which he had been waiting through four long, weary years, was at hand, that she toward whom his thoughts had turned, during all that time, when the broad ocean rolled before them, was now within a few miles, and that every moment was drawing them nearer together, filled him again with a nervous uneasiness, which he controlled with much difficulty, and which did not escape the observant eye of the old trapper.

"You must git over that," admonished the latter, "for if you don't you won't be good for any thing, and I'll leave you ashore."

He strove manfully, and after a time he gained more mastery over himself.

"I will be all right when the time comes," he replied.

"The time has come now," said Nick, as with one sweep of his paddle he ran the prow against the land and stepped out.

"What does this mean?" asked Ned, in some astonishment.

"They lodged that I was talking about ain't two hundred yards from this spot."

"Is it possible?" was the exclamation of the young man, as he stepped out; "and what are we to do now?"

"You're to lay here, while me and the pup go forward and rackynter a little; and Ned," he added, in his most impressive manner, "do you promise to mind me to the very letter?"

"Of course I do."

"All right; then don't move six feet from here 'till I give you word. I'll be back soon."

The next minute Ned, Mackintosh was alone.

About an hour passed, when Nick Whiffles returned with the noiselessness that characterized all his movements, and stooping down beside his young friend, he placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Now, we've found the place where the varmints have hid the gal!"

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### A FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

AFTER making his startling announcement to Ned Mackintosh, Nick Whiffles explained it in substance as follows:

Upon leaving him in company with Calamity, the two had moved stealthily forward, until they reached the desolate clearing where stood the "ruins" of what had once been a large and stirring Blackfoot village. These ruins consisted of three lodges only, in two of which lights were burning. In one of these were seated Red Bear and two warriors, the three engaged in smoking, and discussing some important matter.

There was difficulty in gaining a view of the interior of the other, as the entrance was closed; but, after lying down in front of it for a half-hour, it was opened, and an old squaw, that Nick recognized as the mother of Red Bear, came out and went to the lodge in which were seated her son and his three companions.

This was the very lodge in which Nick Whiffles had lain an invalid more than thirty years before; and, as the buffalo-skin door was pulled aside, he saw, plainly and distinctly, Mioma seated upon the ground, in front of a small fire, engaged in knitting some bead ornament. The firelight shone full upon her face, so that there was no mistake about it.

"Nick," said Mackintosh, at this point in his narrative, "as you love me, grant me one favor!"

"Take me to the spot where you crouched, when you saw her, there let me stay one minute and look upon her face!"

"But the danger—"

"You can trust me. Remember I have not seen her for four years. I can be as quiet and stealthy about it as you!"

"Well, I'll do it. Come along!"

They stole their way through the wood and across the clearing in the direction of one of the lodges, in which a light could be seen shining, moving with the stealth of men who knew that a single false step would be paid by the penalty of their lives.

The whole affair was in opposition to the sense of Nick Whiffles, but he could not refuse the request of his young friend, made ready for the return of her faithful express.

At this critical moment, the door of the other lodge opened, and Red Bear issued forth, walking straight toward the one where Mioma and the dog were sitting.

It was a dangerous instant, and looked as if discovery were unavoidable. There was no way for Calamity to slip out, without being seen by the chief, who would be certain to identify him at the first glimpse.

Finally Nick paused and whispered:

"Crawl to that spot, and lay flat down, and if the gal hasn't changed her position, you'll see her face a blained sight plainer than you can see mine."

Nick did as requested, and completely succeeded in his maneuver. He saw Mioma seated in front of a fire engaged with some fancy work, and seemingly as quiet and unobtrusive, as though seated among her own friends.

Her head was bent, so that the view was not as good as could be desired; but such as it was, it made the heart of the lover bound with delight.

Ay, there she sat: the loved of his heart; she of whom he had dreamed for the four years past, and for whom he had hastened to cross the ocean—she who returned his yearning affection, and who, he fondly

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The New Romance  
of  
The Forest, the Trail, and the Cabin Home!

We shall commence, in our coming issue, a romance of the Settlements and Wilderness, which, in the novel nature of its incidents and dramatic personae, will most charmingly supplement the splendid forest story, "Blackfoot Queen," now running in these columns. It is,

## THE AVENGING ANGELS;

or,  
The Bandit Brothers of the Scioto.

By the author of "Silent Hunter," "Queen of the Woods," etc., etc.

Located in the Sylvan Shaded of the "Beautiful Land"—as Eastern Kentucky was termed in Early Times—as the residence of Judge Wilson and his charming family became the center of a series of startling and intensely interesting incidents, illustrative equally of the perils of that Wood Paradise and of the ferocious elements there are in the human heart when the restraining influences of a civilized community are cast aside.

The story is managed with consummate skill in the use of its material. The five brothers—renegades and bandits—are thrown in powerful contrast and contact with the beautiful daughters of the Judge; and the noble self-sacrifice of the Avengers is a foil to the fierce Shawnees, whose red trail ran over all that Forest Garden.

In the character of the Noble Huron, the author associates the wonderful qualities of the Indians—his devotion, his courage, his sagacity, his truthfulness—with those of his white brothers, whose cause he has espoused; and throughout all their fortunes this heroic Prince of the Woods towers up in the camp and in the fierce fight alike, a very center of interest.

There is, too, in the romance, a very touching vein of pathos. The females of the destroyed Home, involved in the meshes of the Bandit Brothers, are elements of marked beauty; and their love, as well as the love bestowed upon them, give to the story a pathos at once pleasing and thrilling.

The lovers of Forest, Indian and Love Tales will welcome this splendid production of a skilled hand, as another of that series of serials which has rendered the SATURDAY JOURNAL noted among popular papers.

## THE GREAT SOCIAL PROBLEM.

"How shall I keep body and soul together?" Nine-tenths of the world spend all their lives in trying to solve this difficult question. Capable writers, not at all given to sensationalism, who have devoted much time to the subject—the very able English author for instance, who writes under the nom de plume of "An Amateur Casual"—estimate that in our great cities many hundreds rise in the morning who haven't an idea where they will get their bread during the day, or where they will lay their heads at night.

"There is work for all; they will but seek and take it" we fancy we hear a reader exclaim. Very true; but the difficulty is to bring the work and the man together.

In the broad acceptance of the term, we are all brothers. Our true mission in the world is to help one another. But, the rich have very little idea of what the poor suffer. A French Princess once said, when told that the poor of Paris were starving, that she would rather eat black bread and mutton than starve. So it is with our rich people; although few of them are born to wealth, they soon forget the poverty they rise from, and wonder how it can be possible for people to starve in great, in wealthy New York!

And who are the poor? The laboring men who work in the streets and on public improvements at so much per day? No; these can generally get enough to do. The true poor are those who work more with their brains than with their hands; those to whom Heaven has denied the gift of bodily strength; those who have wasted all the best of their young lives in studies by the midnight lamp, and whose faces are "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought." The young doctor, lawyer, engineer, artist, and other professional men—the race that have given to history a "Fulton" and a "Howe."

These men are the ones who suffer most. Were they to apply to a street contractor to shovel dirt, they would be laughed at. They may be brawny in brain, but not in muscle.

Too proud to beg, they suffer in silence. They steal from the stomach that they may clothe the back and preserve an outward semblance of prosperity. The coat, buttoned tightly to the throat, conceals the dirty linen, or perhaps, the want of it.

How can we aid this great class of sufferers? The free distribution of coal and soup tickets benefit them but little.

Listen to the magic words.

A CHEAP RESTAURANT!

The city of Edinburgh, in Scotland, leads the van. Her cheap restaurants with free reading-rooms attached, have benefited thousands.

It is not charity, but a business speculation. The poor man does not feel that he is a beggar receiving alms. He pays the trifling demand and owes no man thanks for favor received.

Who will be the first of our rich men to hand his name down to posterity as the benefactor of his fellow-creatures?

The honor can be cheaply bought. It won't cost half as much as an opera house, or a stable of fast horses per year.

Establish a cheap eating-house, with a reading-room attached. Give a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee for five cents, and if inclined to do it, sing nicely, *throw in a roll!*

*Make it possible for a man to keep life within him for thirty-five cents per week!*

And between every sup of soup and

draught of coffee, the pallid lips of some poor being, saved from starvation, will murmur the name of the benefactor, who, like the Moslem of story, loved his fellow-men. Grateful prayers, like holy incense, will rise to heaven.

Is not the respect of the world, of good men and honest women, worth far more than the humble cringe of the liveried follower, or the false smile of some jeweled Spain?

Is not the respect of the world, of good men and honest women, worth far more than the humble cringe of the liveried follower, or the false smile of some jeweled Spain?

Oh, wise men, rich in worldly goods, give some little of your store to save your fellow-beings from the dread pangs of starvation!

Save the hollow-eyed man of genius from the iron fetters that cramp in his soul; and in payment, from his teeming brain may come some great invention that will improve the status of the world, and make the name of the wise rich man blessed forever in the judgment book above.

## Foolscap Papers.

My Great Story.

She sat at the window. The day was drawing to a close: the golden sunset had blossomed in the western sky, but its beautiful colors had faded before the advancing glooms of the twilight, though the moon shed her subdued glories upon the silent earth, and she was eighteen years old, with hair decidedly brown—the girl, not the moon.

She was the prettiest girl in the world!

[The money which I am to get for this thrilling story has been partly advanced by the editor, but that will have no effect on the plot. It is all gone now.]

Ever and anon this beautiful maiden would put her head out of the above mentioned window and cast her longing eyes up the road toward the little village, and murmur to herself, "Why don't he come?"

[How this pen splinters! It just now spoilt the best part of this story, which has to be perfect or the editor will demand back the money he advanced, and I never could risk it again.]

It will be necessary to describe the parlor over which this maiden shed such an excellent perfume of "Jockey Club." The piano occupied the corner on the right; it was only rented at ten dollars a month; the dealer wanted fifteen, but he allowed himself to be jewed down.

[The evil begins in the choice of an escort. It is not thought necessary either by mother or daughter, in many cases, that she should have any extended acquaintance with a gentleman to accept his attentions, and many girls go with men whom they have only met a half dozen times—perhaps each one of the half dozen, at a party.

A ball is a poor place in which to judge of character. The music and lights; the ever-changing figures and constant buzz of voices; the animation and excitement of the occasion, all tend to throw a charm over a young girl's senses, and dull her perceptions. If a man appears like a real gentleman she is apt to think him such, when, could she see him first in the light of day, with no witching music and glancing lights to dazzle her, she would read his character as one to shun or to avoid wholly.

We all know how first impressions of a person's character, if they are in his disfavor, wear off and slip from us almost unconsciously on further acquaintance, if he appears well. It is no wonder, then, that a young and inexperienced girl should fail to see the impure lines in a man's face when she has become used to them.

Mothers appear very thoughtless in this matter. Nowadays girls—who would have been considered children fifty years ago—are young ladies, and go out "in society." It is no uncommon thing in the country for girls of thirteen and fourteen years to attend parties, accompanied only by a gentleman. How utterly incompetent are such children to judge people as they are, and to understand the insidious serpent Evil when it approaches!

Many men—only too many—are wolves in sheep's clothing, embodiments of evil in the guise of gentlemen, lying in wait for the unwary innocent, who are too simple and ignorant of the world's ways to comprehend their danger. Many men possess strong magnetic powers, and absolutely charm their victim as the serpent charms the bird. How dare mothers trust their unsophisticated daughters, unprotected and alone, with such persons?

If girls are fortunate enough to escape actual contact with evil, they frequently do things from ignorance and thoughtlessness that compromise them. I have known the character of pure and innocent girls to be basely defamed by baffled villains, who know only too well that nothing they can say will in any way injure themselves.

In new country places the society is by no means choice. Every thing is in common, and very disreputable persons of both sexes associate at public balls with the best class who attend. With these the young girl unavoidably comes in contact, and who can handle coals, even if dead ones, without being injured? They will *blacken*, if not burn. Young and fresh and pure, she enters society, only to lose the freshness and simplicity that are her best and noblest attributes, in this school that learns one, whether she will or no. While yet a mere child she becomes familiar with the bad side of the world; her freshness and child-like simplicity are rubbed off like the bloom from a plum, to return no more!

How can parents remain blind to the disastrous effects of making women of children, and trusting them to the protection of young men of whose moral character they have no actual knowledge? It seems to me that nothing but an almost unpardonable thoughtlessness can be the occasion of such indifference.

[Some writers are always running off the subject, and, indeed, I have read one story where the author stops in a very sentimental part and goes to talking about pigs; this is not right. A good story should run along smoothly without any digression at all. I was thinking if I had not better go and get the balance of the money due me on this story; my shoemaker, who just now called in, advises me to do so, and says he will write at the story while I am gone. But, I will allow him to wait, and will not digress.]

A light shade of disappointment was continually creeping over her fair features, and her usually light heart had the appearance of being sorrowful.

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It was very evident from her general appearance that she was looking for somebody who hadn't come, and, judging from her use of the pronoun *he*, that person was a man.

[We will go on with our story, just as if there were not six children down-stairs making so much noise that I have serious thoughts of taking a room in the deaf and dumb asylum until I finish this story.]

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[We will go on with our story, just as if there were not six children down-stairs making so much noise that I have serious thoughts of taking a room in the deaf and dumb asylum until I finish this story.]

It will naturally suggest itself to the reader of this story, which the editor is very anxiously awaiting for various reasons, that the man she was looking for was her lover, and that his delay was the principal cause of all her sorrow. The moonlight stole softly in at her window and fell on the floor at her feet, but didn't hurt itself, and she looked out again, and murmured, "Will he never come?" and then the tears of disappointment arose in her eyes. Dear reader, don't get mad because that person she looks for don't hurry. I can't see why he wasn't there half an hour ago, but novelists dare not tell every thing at once.

[I just then dipped my pen in a bottle of mucilage and tried to write with it. I find I can't write English with it, but, if I could write in gum-arabic, who could ever translate this story? But I must stick to my story.]

Take as an example this: A young girl has for a lover, a freckle-faced, tow-headed, gawky youth, and as a natural consequence, she does not over-fancy him. Now, is it just the thing for her to tell him the reasons of the rejection of his suit, or mortify him by remarking on his personal appearance when it does her no good and only makes him feel bad? In this case my advice is only to tell half the truth.

If you are kindly correcting a person's faults, it is better to tell the whole of them, than to go beating about the bush, with the insinuation of "that isn't all," and if I was sure you wouldn't be offended, I could say—

—but I'm afraid it would make you feel bad, so I guess I won't say what I intended to.

This is a species of cruelty that leaves the hearer in a state of suspense, wondering if a more cruel stab could be thrust at him. He hates to ask what more was said, while, all the time, he is most curious to know.

Tell the whole, in this case, my friends, tell the whole.

It is a very difficult affair for any one, in telling a story, to make their own side the darkest. We make the ill of others as black as ebony, while we gloss over our own, and, like children, complain that we "are not to blame at all."

Tell our story before an impartial judge, and take my word for it, you will find that you have been the most to blame.

If you know of a poor woman, whose son is a young reprobate, it is not necessary to tell her of all his wrong-doings. If you tell her of half, it will be sufficient. Why make her trials greater than they are by the recital of things which you know she has no power to prevent, and which will only cause a greater strain on the thread of life.

It won't cost half as much as an opera house, or a stable of fast horses per year.

Establish a cheap eating-house, with a reading-room attached. Give a bowl of

soup and a cup of coffee for five cents, and if inclined to do it, sing nicely, *throw in a roll!*

*Make it possible for a man to keep life within him for thirty-five cents per week!*

And between every sup of soup and

lished in book-form before the next holiday season, bound in bevelled boards, tongued and grooved, and illustrated by engravings on brick by the best artists. There will be six full plates and one hundred and fifty small dishes. The first will represent the author as he appears standing on his head before a large audience; the last will represent the author as a mermaid riding six horses. It will be printed on the finest daint ice cream-laid paper, and will read from right to left for the benefit of left-handed people, and from the center both ways for the benefit of cross-eyed folks. Sold by subscription only.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

But, of good news, always tell the whole. If Araminta Jane is going to get a good man for a husband—if the deacon has given every poor woman in the parish a bag of flour—let the world know it.

Now, a word to my friends, the daily papers. If a divorce case, or a murderous af-

ray comes up before the courts, why go in to the sickening and disgusting details?

Some of these accounts are enough to make any decent woman blush. There is no need of these particulars. You do not gain the good will of those whose praise is worth the having, but you can not lose it.

How much censure you are likely to obtain. Let us have a pure press by all means. Give us half of these details, Messrs. Editors, and you will have the praise of all good men and women.

If Mr. A. owes a bill at the grocery, which he is unable to pay, why should he dim the excuse into the grocer's ears that he will send it in soon, as he only has large bank notes with him? Come, Mr. A., be honest about your poverty, and tell the whole truth, which is—you haven't any money about you, but, as soon as you get some, you will settle.

If Mrs. B. sees an expensive dress which is beyond her power to purchase, and which she is "crazy to have," is it not better for her to be out with the whole truth that she can afford it, than to say "it does not

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## REVERIE.

BY ESPERANCE.

INTO my world there floateth, and methinks  
From distant silver spheres,  
Such a witchlike sound of music,  
With the subtle soul of pleasure,  
The its measure,  
Rich and low,  
Charms me so  
I half forgot the weary coming years.  
As it steals through the ruined chamber,  
Its melody half sinks,  
The meadow sheen of sunshine,  
Or dark eyes through canoes this,  
Laughter soft and jewels gleaming;  
Tresses streaming,  
All things sweet  
Seem to meet  
Arouse my couch and still the outer din.  
These feelings of creation,  
Stems grand, or gaily sweet,  
Echo now the hymns of thousands;  
Now swift bells on glancing feet  
Tell of perfumes, tell of snowflakes;  
Now the wave breaks  
On the shore  
Evermore,  
In flecks of foam, the moon-kissed sands to greet.  
As I breathless lie and listen,  
Oft doth it weirdly chance  
That my soul thrills of a sudden  
'Neath some passing son's warm glance,  
And I live a life that's painless,  
And am painless;  
Where no throb,  
Or the sob  
Of labored breath, can ever break my trance.

## Strange Stories.

### RAVEN OF RAVENHILL.

#### A LEGEND OF WALES.

BY AGILE PENNE.

ANGRY storm-clouds were scudding across the leaden-colored sky. The white top of Snowdon's Peak—the giant of the hills—was breaking the black clouds, as the furious wind drove the dark masses against it. It was in the time of James, the First, the Scottish king, whom the death of the second Charles had called to the English throne.

A small hunting-party, noble gentlemen and ladies fair, had halted by the mountain's side and were casting many an anxious glance up at the stormy sky.

"By my faith, we must find shelter or we shall get a ducking!" cried a stalwart cavalier, known as Roland Cardower. He was a landed gentleman, of great wealth. By his side, rode his sister, Maud; a fair type of the blooming English beauty, with her golden curl and full, blue eyes.

"Ay, but where shall we find shelter?" cried a younger cavalier than Roland, by name, Edward Graham.

"Yonder!" exclaimed Cardower, pointing to a dark pile of ruins, far to the north.

"What! seek shelter in Ravenhill?" cried Graham, in astonishment.

"And why not? The night will soon be here. We are far from home, and the storm threatens. In the ruins of Ravenhill, we can find shelter for the night."

As her brother's words fell upon Maud's ears she could not repress a slight start.

Maud's emotion was noticed by the dark-eyed beauty, Lucy Graham, who rode by her side, and noticed by her alone.

"Come, then, for Ravenhill!" cried Graham, and the party rode on.

As they proceeded, Lucy Graham seized a favorable moment to exchange a few words in secret with Maud.

"Why did my sweet Maud start at the mention of Ravenhill?" she asked. "Is it possible that Maud Cardower still loves the heir to ruined Ravenhill's glories?"

"Yes," replied Maud, with a hurried glance around to note if any one was nigh to overhear her words. "Lucy, I will confide all to you. You know that Gerald Raven, the last of the proud Ravens of Ravenhill, who once held yonder ruined castle, was my lover. But he was poor, and my haughty brother would not listen to his suit. He left England and sought for fortune in foreign lands. Now he has returned. I have seen him. We arranged to meet to-night in yonder ruins and then—"

"You are to fly with him?"

"Yes."

"But will not our visit to the castle interfere with your plans?"

"I think that I can steal away. We were to meet just after nightfall in the boat by the western gate. He will guess that our party has sought shelter from the storm in the ruins, and be careful!"

The hunting-party entered the ruins just as the shades of night were veiling in the earth.

Fires were lighted in the great hall of the ruined castle, and the visitors prepared for the night.

The threatened storm had passed away, but inky darkness covered all objects with its mantle of gloom.

The cavaliers and ladies gathered around the fires; the luncheon that the servants carried was discussed, and merry tale and jest passed quickly around.

"Is there not some story connected with this ruin?" asked one of the ladies.

"Yes, but 'tis a horrible tale," replied Graham.

"Let us have it, by all means!" cried a cavalier, gayly.

"Attention then for the story of the Ravens of Ravenhill. Just before the revolution that cost good King Charles his crown and head, there were two brothers, Richard and Alan, the last of the race of Raven. Richard, the elder, held this castle. Alan, the younger, was a wild and desperate blade. The brothers did not agree, for they were as unlike as day and night. When the revolution commenced, and the Roundheads under Cromwell and Fairfax were pressing the royal troops hard, Richard Raven held stoutly for his king. Alan, on the contrary, espoused the cause of the Parliament, and one night, with a band of ruffians, surprised this castle. With his own hand, in yonder room, he killed his brother, and threw the bleeding corpse from the window into the court-yard."

All the listeners involuntarily turned their eyes in the direction that Graham indicated. They saw a massive iron doorway; beyond that, inky darkness, and then they turned again to Graham.

Richard's eyes alone lingered on the doorway, and to her astonishment, she saw the white face of her lover, Gerald Raven, framed by the darkness. Slowly he beckoned for her to come. Seated as Maud was, apart from the rest, she easily gained the doorway and disappeared in the gloom without her action being noticed by any of the party grouped around the fire.

"Alan Raven having won the castle, kept

it," said Graham, continuing the story. "Many a deed of horror did he and his ruthless followers commit, and the name of Raven of Ravenhill made all tremble. It was said, too, that this same Alan was in league with the Powers of Darkness; that he was deep in the mysteries of the Black Art, the occult science that he had studied in Italy. A strange old Italian servant, who followed at his heels like a dog, was said to be the agent, by means of which Alan Raven communed with the spirits of the dead.

"But, the powers of evil could not save him from earthly vengeance. By a sudden attack, the royal forces surprised Ravenhill castle; the garrison was put to the sword and Alan Raven was flung headlong from the same window whence, but a year before, his fratricidal hand had flung his brother. One alone escaped the slaughter, the Italian servant. By means of a secret portal he fled. In the morning, when the visitors looked for the body of Alan Raven, it had disappeared. The soldiers cried that the Evil One had claimed his own. This happened some fifty years ago, and since that time the spirit of Alan Raven, men say, has been seen in the full light of the new moon pacing along the towers of these ruins."

"But, who is this young Gerald Raven?" asked one of the cavaliers.

"A descendant of Richard Raven, a grandson. His father, then a boy, was in France at the time of Richard's death, and so escaped his father's fate. The family were ruined by the revolution and have never attempted to build up these ruins."

A piercing scream rang out on the still air. Started, with white faces, all of the little party sprang to their feet.

Then forth from the darkness of the arched portal, staggered Maud Cardower and fell with a stifled groan by the side of the fire.

Eagerly her brother sprang to her side.

She was dead!

No wound, save in her white throat where there were some strange red marks like the print of teeth.

Horrified-stricken, the little group of cavaliers and ladies gazed upon the pallid face of the fair girl who but a moment before had been in their midst in the ripe fullness of health.

"Who can have done this?" cried the brother, with trembling lips.

Then from the gloom of the doorway came a figure as if in answer to the question.

Without thought, save that he looked

Roland departed with his burden to perform his vow.

Hardly had he left the ruined hall, when young Gerald Raven entered it. He came from the chamber where his promised wife had met her death.

Raven had been detained by the lameness of his horse, who had cast a shoe on the rough mountain road. Not finding Maud at the appointed place of meeting, he had come boldly in, determined to claim her of her brother.

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"Who will go with me to the Peak of Snowdon?" cried Gerald, springing to his feet.

"I!" replied Graham, who was a school-fellow of young Raven.

"Come, then, in heaven's name!" exclaimed Gerald, evidently under the influence of some strong emotion. "Perhaps it is my fate to destroy the terrible curse that clings to the ruins of Ravenhill, for know, Graham, that no man, woman or child ever passed a night within these fatal ruins, and lived to see the morning light."

"But the murderer!" cried Graham, in horror.

"Some terrible being who craves human blood! One woulnd alone he leaves on his victims—the mark of teeth in the throat. See, there it blazons on the white neck of her who was dearer to me than all the world besides. But come, let us solve this strange mystery, if it be possible."

With eager steps the two young men climbed the steep side of Snowdon's Peak.

The sky was hung with gloom, save where, afar off in the dark horizon's line, was the soft light that heralded the coming of the rising moon.

A thousand yards or so from the summit of the Peak the path turned abruptly to the right.

At the turn the two met Roland Cardower, pale, and the great sweat-drops rolling from his brows.

He started when he beheld young Raven. "I know all!" cried Gerald; "for the sake of thy dead sister, let there be peace between us."

Frankly Roland took the proffered hand.



upon the murderer of his sister, Roland drew his pistol, leveled it at the stranger and fired.

With a deep sigh, the unknown staggered into the room and fell upon his knees.

Widely the stranger pressed his hand upon his breast.

The life-blood was flowing, freely.

The stranger was dressed in a sober garb of gray. His face was deadly white, and at the first glance, Roland thought that he looked upon the features of Gerald Raven, for the dying man was like enough to him to be his brother. But the stranger was a man of thirty-five, while Gerald was barely twenty.

"Why have you murdered me?" gasped the unknown, in a strange, unearthly voice, sinking on his side as he spoke.

"Villain! did you not kill my sister?" cried Roland, approaching and bending over the dying man.

"What? I? no," replied the wounded man, faintly. "I am a stranger, and wandering in my way, sought this pile of ruins as a refuge from the bleak air of the night. As I entered yonder room, I heard a faint scream and the rustle of a woman's dress, then the sound of flying footsteps. I followed, and received your shot here in my breast. I am dying and you are my murderer."

Horrified-stricken, Roland knelt by the side of the bleeding man.

"But my sister's death?" Roland stammered.

"Why charge me with the crime?" moaned the man. "I am a stranger; just returned to Wales after long years in a foreign land. Why should I commit a needless crime? I am dying—my strength is going fast; you have wantonly killed me!"

"Oh, fatal mischance!" cried Roland in sorrow.

"I pardon you on one condition," said the stranger, faintly. "I am of a new religion; by the tenets of my faith my body is forbidden the earth until for a brief time, it be exposed to the rays of the moon. I charge you then, when life departs this feeble frame, bear me to the top of the Peak of Snowdon and there leave me; the moon will soon rise."

"I swear to fulfill your wishes!" exclaimed Roland, taking the thin, white hand of the stranger within his own. The hand was cold as death and chilled the blood of the young soldier within his veins.

With a lifeless gasp the stranger sunk, lifeless to the floor.

Roland raised the body in his arms; as the form of the stalwart stranger was as light as a child's.

## The Banker's Secret.

A LIFE SKETCH OF THE "MOUND CITY."

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

him sincerely. He was twice her age, but he stood the attack of time remarkably well, and did not appear above thirty. Indeed he seemed to be one of Nature's noblemen. But with all this, we do not say that the thought of the fine mansion she could preside over, and the life of contented ease she would live when every wish could be gratified, had not its influence upon Nettie's decision, for she would not have been woman, else.

And so they were married.

The papers contained the usual quantity of allusions to the "brilliant wedding," the people discussed it, wondering at *his* taste, and envying Nettie *her* luck, and then matters once more resumed their usual course.

For a year Nettie lived happily, with but one great sorrow or grief. The little boy-baby that was born unto them, sickened and died. Then as if this was the cue for which he was waiting, John Harris began to reveal his inner self to his wife.

He became unkind and even brutal; would insult and endeavor to hurt her feelings in every way possible. After business hours he would often remain at the dinner-table and drink rich wines until he fell from his chair, or if he paused before, it was only to abuse his wife, and more than once she had lain awake all night, unable to sleep for the pain of the bruises he had inflicted during his madness.

As a natural consequence her love began to wane, and hatred and loathing to take its place. Still, she did not dare complain to her friends, nor did she care to brave public comment by applying for a divorce. And one night she learned why it was that John Harris kept only men-servants, besides her own maid.

He boasted that all his wealth had been gained by stupendous frauds. That he was the head and acknowledged chief of a secret band of "coneymen"—counterfeitors—and that the implements used were concealed within that very house, where the printing of bogus bank-notes was carried on by their servants.

Nettie was incredulous. She could not believe that the man she had once loved was so deep-dyed a villain, despite what she had already seen. Harris was bold with drink, and noting her doubt, forced her to accompany him down into the cellar, where he opened a secret door, and bade her look inside.

The "proof" lay before her eyes in the presses, the chemicals, and the piles of bank-note paper as well as a quantity of printed *she*, that were scattered in profusion upon the ground floor. As the fearful truth broke upon her mind, Nettie uttered a low groan and sunk, fainting, to the floor.

Partially soothed by the sight of his wife lying there so pale and deathlike, and already regretting his indiscretion in thus exposing his black secret, Harris tenderly raised the senseless form in his arms and carried her to her own room, where he succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

For some time after this event the banker's manner changed entirely, and he treated Nettie with the tenderness and care that had marked the earlier days of their wedded life. But, this dread secret preyed upon the wife's mind, and sadly changed her from her former self. But John Harris solemnly declared that he would forever abandon his nefarious pursuits, and would have no more dealings with the gang that called him leader. And Nettie, believing him, resolved to bury the secret in her own breast.

For several months this new state of affairs continued, and Nettie began to believe that they might be happy even yet; but it was fated not to last. The banker, still quoted as a model of business integrity and pointed to as an exemplary Christian by the outer world, proved a brutal fiend at home.

One of his assaults upon Nettie prostrated her upon a bed of sickness for weeks, and when she recovered, she told her husband that at his next act of a like nature she would expose him to the retribution of an outraged law. He laughed her threat to scorn, but still it seemed to impress him more than he cared to admit. Yet, when in liquor, the pent-up malignity would find exit.

And the time came when he again maltreated his long-suffering wife. That night Nettie wrote a note that occasioned great commotion at the private office of the chief of police, the next day. It read as follows:

"If you desire to break up the gang of counterfeitors, who have so long defied you, and capture the chief, call at the house of John Harris, Banker, on P— street. You will find the presses and other implements in a vault beneath the house, opening into the cellar. As a proof of what I state, I enclose a sheet of forged notes, samples of what you will discover there. John Harris is the chief."

"A FRIEND OF JUSTICE."

That same night a squad of policemen, in civil dress, rang at the mansion of John Harris. Learning that the master was at home, they entered and sent up word for him to come down. Harris and his wife were together in the sitting-room, and when the message was delivered, John asked the servant:

"Who is he, Sam?"

"It's more than one, sir," replied the man, in a troubled tone. "There's nearly a dozen, and I'm sure I know one of them to be a policeman."

"That will do, Sam," coldly replied Harris, rising. "Go tell them that I will be down in a moment."

The servant left the room, and Harris turned toward his wife. A peculiar smile played upon her features, pale and worn with long suffering.

"This is your work, Nettie!"

"It is. I told you that you would drive me to it at last, and you have. They are policemen, and they know the secret of your vault down-stairs."

The banker uttered a low, fierce sn

nexts. But she did not live long. Her trials had been too great, and she sank beneath the effects of them.

## Storm-Staid

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"If you would only get married, Ray!"

Mrs. Emerson, Raynor Day's pretty, matronly sister, laid her plump hand beseechingly on that gentleman's arm.

"Nonsense, Girty! I couldn't wind your words and feed your poodle if I turned Benedict, and that's about all I'm good for!"

He turned his mischievous face toward the lady, who gave an indignant little cry.

"Raynor Day! you ought to be ashamed of yourself for telling such a story, when you know you are just the dearest, kindest brother a woman could have. Only good enough to—the idea!"

"Well," went on handsome Ray, as he leaned back in Mr. Emerson's easy-chair, "supposing that is *your* opinion, it does not follow that everybody agrees therewith."

"But they do; and, what's more, you know you are a favorite—you conceded boy!"

"With you and the poodle? Very probably, yes. But, seriously, Gertrude, do you wish me to get married?"

Mrs. Emerson's blue eyes lighted up at the unusual earnestness her brother paid to the oft-discussed question between them.

"Do I wish it? Raynor, I'd give half I'm worth to see you married to some pretty, good girl, and settled down in your own house. You could furnish such a love of a home for your wife, Ray."

A funny little smile appeared upon Mr. Day's lips, as he peered steadily at his sister's eager face.

"Who is this lady you are evidently thinking of as the future Mrs. Day? I see by your manner you've got it all cut and dried for me, even to the color of the curtains in the drawing-room."

Then Mrs. Emerson laughed.

"I acknowledge I am discovered! Honestly, Raynor, I do want you to marry this lady I've selected for you. One of the best, prettiest, most lady-like of girls, intelligent, and, withal, so roguish and merry!"

Ray drew a long breath.

"Oh, spare me, Girty! how ever could I exist where such a specimen of perfection took up her abode?"

But Mrs. Emerson, only lifting up her forefinger and saucily shaking it at her incomparable brother, went bravely on.

"I continue, and aver that, besides all these attractions, she possesses one that outshines them all; she is talented, and writes for one of our leading New York papers such *exquisite* poems."

Raynor raised his eyebrows in sarcastic incredulity.

"Indeed! and might I venture to inquire the name of this earthly goddess? I confess I am in danger of being converted to your theory that a man can fall in love, after all."

"You will admire her name as much as herself. It is Floretta."

"Floretta what?"

Then Mrs. Emerson hesitated a second, and laid her hand on her brother's arm.

"I thought you'd recognize her by the description. I mean Miss Pelham."

A hot blush suffused Raynor's face for a moment; then he shook off his sister's gently detaining hand.

"So Miss Pelham's name is Floretta, is it? and she's a poetess? Very well, Girty, but you might have spared yourself all this trouble. I shall not marry Miss Floretta Pelham!"

Mrs. Emerson was amazed at the unusual and uncalled-for force in her brother's remark, and her blue eyes opened wider, as she looked at his half-angry face.

"Why, Raynor, you always professed a great friendship for her, even if you never saw her; and just think of the messages you've sent in my letters. I know she thinks a great deal of you."

"That's a pity! Girty, don't ever mention her name to me again."

And the gentleman donned hat and overcoat, and went out of Mrs. Emerson's parlor.

"It's very strange," that little matron thought to herself, as she watched his receding figure, "it's very strange, indeed! But there's a mistake somewhere, I am certain; Floretta likes him, and he likes her, and they've got to be married! and I shall make it an especial act of Christian duty to bring it about!"

And she drew down the white linen shade with an air of determination that Mr. John Emerson would have declared was useless to resist.

"There's no earthly use of our trying to get any further, Aunt Retta; the carriage-wheels are so blocked now that Pete will be obliged to shovel the snow from them: Hadn't we better stop at this tavern?"

Floretta Pelham's pretty, rosy face was smiling from her white swan's-down hood, as she looked from the snow-clogged wheels to the sora, cross face opposite her, encased in a quilted black satin bonnet.

"It always snows when one least expects it; and the more inconvenience I'm put to, the less you seem to care."

Floretta was not in the least disconcerted by these caustic words; she was too used to them to care.

"Mrs. Emerson sent particular word for me to be there, and now we can spend our afternoon at this wretched country tavern, I suppose."

"Perhaps they've a sleigh, auntie? We can easily get on to Girty's, then."

Floretta sprung lightly out into the soft snow-drifts.

"I'll see, at any rate! No, Pete, you stay with Miss Pelham; I can get along easily enough."

She laughingly waded through the blinding whirls of snow that settled over her in beatuous purity.

There was no sleigh to hire, she reported, when she came back, but Mr. Day had gone past a couple of hours before in his sleigh, and was going to stop at the tavern on his return. He would take them.

A smile lit up Miss Retta's sallow face.

"Raynor Day! why, Floretta, that is the gentleman who sent me the little note beguiling my picture and a permission to correspond."

A little blush tinged Floretta's pretty cheeks, but she answered, gayly:

"And a fine opportunity you will have of cultivating his acquaintance. I have heard he was very handsome."

"And who told you, I'd like to know?"

Miss Retta turned with jealous eyes to Floretta.

"Why, Girty, in her letters to me, of course!"

"Well, you needn't go to falling in love with him and try to cut me out. It's a blessed satisfaction to know he's got my picture; to be sure he didn't answer my letter, though, when I come to think of it, I don't wonder, for I am afraid I wrote it on the back of one of your sheets of manuscript; those verses you composed on 'A Conceited Man.' He may regard them as personal. I can apologize, though, and explain."

A burning blush suffused Floretta's features.

"Oh, Aunt Retta! how could you be so thoughtless—so careless? I hope, indeed, he will not be offended!"

"What difference does it make to you, I would like to know? When he's your uncle you can tell him."

The two had reached the inn, and a warm, cheery room was assigned them until Mr. Day should return with his sleigh.

They had only warmed themselves comfortably, when Raynor, in his elegant double-sleigh and prancing horses, came dashingly to the door.

He gave a groom the reins and ran into the sitting-room, where the ladies sat, all unconscious of what awaited him.

Miss Retta sprang from her chair—her thin, ugly face all smiles.

"Why, I do declare! Mr. Day, is it really you?"

She caught his hand and shook it cordially, while he bowed friendly.

"Miss Floretta Pelham, I believe? I recognize the original of the photograph sent me."

"Yes, I am Miss Floretta Pelham, Mr. Day, and that's my niece."

Raynor had been glancing curiously at the graceful figure whose face was from him; and, now, when the sharp words "my niece" constrained her to turn around he could hardly repress a cry of delight, so fair, so sweet she looked.

With easy self-possession, and yet with a flush on her cheeks that somehow sent a strange thrill to Raynor's heart, she extended her little, gloved hand, that, for the very soul of him, Raynor could not help detaining a single second. She looked up, in sweet confusion, and their eyes met.

After that, acquaintance was blissfully easy to accomplish. Miss Retta glanced down on them, yet prudence forbade her to interfere as she desired. So she spoke very sweetly—she thought—to Ray.

"We are on a visit to Mrs. Emerson, Mr. Day, but our carriage can not proceed through the snow. If you will kindly give us a seat in your sleigh—"

"With the greatest delight, Miss Pelham, and this lady, Miss—"

It was a clever artifice to learn the fair girl's name; but Miss Retta was equal to the occasion.

"My niece will thank you, I'm sure." So Raynor helped Miss Retta in, and then tenderly assisted "the niece," tucking the thick, soft robes carefully around her.

The ride was necessarily silent, but Raynor Day was all the time wondering who that lovely girl was, and if she had fallen in love with him as he had with her? How he despised that Miss Pelham, to whom he had written, in his romantic, impulsive manner, after hearing Girty read a letter from her one day!

Then that picture had come; and a letter, so different from Girty's, had reached him, written on the blank side of a poem that was so keenly cutting.

No wonder he had blushed and been vexed when Girty proposed to him to marry that lean ogress, even if she were a poetess, and so intelligent and roguish. As to being pretty—why, Girty must be demented surely!

But then, this charming little blue-eyed girl, why, he was tempted to deliberately turn around and kiss those red lips, and ask her to marry him! He would, too, if there was the first glimpse of encouragement in her actions!

Raynor was a happy man when he escorted the ladies into Mrs. Emerson's warm parlor, where she sat sewing.

With a smile of welcome, she kissed the younger girl in a way that made Ray horribly envious.

"Floretta Pelham! you darling! Where in the world did you come across Raynor?"

She shot her brother a glance of amazement.

Ray bowed reverentially to Floretta, "the nice."

"I am so delighted to learn your name, Floretta. I presume Miss Pelham, Sr., received the letter I sent for you?"

Miss Pelham's eyes snapped vengeancefully.

"Yes, I presume I did! What difference does it make?"

Ray laughed.

"All the difference in the world. Because, if this Floretta will have me, I want her to take me and love me as I love her; and be my wife. Will you, on so short a personal acquaintance?"

Floretta Pelham's pretty, rosy face was smiling from her white swan's-down hood, as she looked from the snow-clogged wheels to the sora, cross face opposite her, encased in a quilted black satin bonnet.

"It always snows when one least expects it; and the more inconvenience I'm put to, the less you seem to care."

Floretta was not in the least disconcerted by these caustic words; she was too used to them to care.

"Mrs. Emerson sent particular word for me to be there, and now we can spend our afternoon at this wretched country tavern, I suppose."

"Perhaps they've a sleigh, auntie? We can easily get on to Girty's, then."

Floretta sprung lightly out into the soft snow-drifts.

"I'll see, at any rate! No, Pete, you stay with Miss Pelham; I can get along easily enough."

She laughingly waded through the blinding whirls of snow that settled over her in beatuous purity.

There was no sleigh to hire, she reported, when she came back, but Mr. Day had gone past a couple of hours before in his sleigh, and was going to stop at the tavern on his return. He would take them.

A smile lit up Miss Retta's sallow face.

"Raynor Day! why, Floretta, that is the gentleman who sent me the little note beguiling my picture and a permission to correspond."

A little blush tinged Floretta's pretty cheeks, but she answered, gayly:

"And a fine opportunity you will have of cultivating his acquaintance. I have heard he was very handsome."

"And who told you, I'd like to know?"

"Why should I love him?" asked the girl, vainly trying to appear calm.

"You can answer that question better than I can," replied Frances, disdainfully.

"But, why do you attempt to conceal the truth from me? I know that you do love him!"

"Like a brother; yes, I acknowledge that," said Agatha, the tell-tale blood again flushing her cheeks, scarlet.

"Like a brother!" repeated Frances, scornfully; "he will never be your brother."

"Is he not to be your husband?" asked Agatha, in wonder.

"Never!" cried Frances, impetuously.

"Are you not engaged to be married to him?"

"That engagement is ended, or will be, the next time we meet," said Frances.

"But why?"

It was now Frances' turn to be confused.

"I am not aware that I am obliged to answer your questions," said the girl, in anger.

"Oh, Frances, don't speak that way to me!" exclaimed Agatha, affected almost to tears.

"Then why do you question me? Can't you see that I am out of temper?" said Frances, pettishly.

"I did not know that you and Angus—I mean Mr. Montgomery"—and Agatha quickly corrected her speech—"had quarreled."

"There has been no quarrel between us, Agatha, I do not choose to give you, or any one else, my reasons for the step I am about to take. It is enough that my reasons are good," Frances said, firmly.

"This will be a sad blow to Mr. Montgomery, for I am sure that he loves you dearly," Agatha said, slowly.

"Yes, and like all the rest of the 'lords of creation,' he loves three or four others at the same time."

"How can you say so?" exclaimed Agatha, quickly.

"I am so much younger than you," said Frances, in anger.

"You are a child!" said Frances, contemptuously.

"Yes, I am so much younger than you," said Agatha, in anger.

"In worldly experience you are," retorted Frances, quickly. "But I don't know why you should talk with you about Mr. Montgomery. All is at an end between us. And now, you can bewitch him with your little innocent ways as soon as you like."

The contemptuous words of Frances stung Agatha to the quick.

"Why should you think that I care for Mr. Montgomery?" she asked. "Do you think so meanly of me as for a single instant to imagine that I have tried to attract the attention of a man, whom I knew to be your promised husband?"

For a moment Frances looked into Agatha's face without replying.

"We are quite right. I do not care to hear any thing about it," Frances replied, in the same chilly tones.

"Well, then, I won't say anything in regard to it."

Montgomery was annoyed and showed it in his voice.

The cool way in which he spoke angered Frances. She did not intend to let the master drop so easily.

"I think that it is better that you should not speak of it," she said, significantly.

me some fine morning by decamping without notice, like the fleet-footed Catlin."

"But, then, there's the chance of being robbed?" suggested O'Connel.

"Very little danger of that," Montgomery replied. "I keep the safe in my bed-chamber and, as I'm a light sleeper, I think that it would be a difficult job for any one to get at it without waking me up."

"Do you know, Angus, I'd like to see it?" Tulip said. "I think that it is a capital idea, and I have half-a-mind to buy one myself."

"Certainly, it's only in the next room," Angus said.

Then the three young men entered the bed-chamber.

The safe stood in one corner of the room.

Montgomery knelt and opened it.

"You see, it can not be opened without knowing the combination," Montgomery said.

"Yes, I see," O'Connel replied, and he knelt by Montgomery's side and examined the lock of the little safe with great attention.

"It is clearly impossible for any one to pick such a lock as that, I should say," Tulip remarked, bending over the other two.

"Oh, clearly impossible!" O'Connel exclaimed.

Then Tulip sauntered over to the other side of the room and took up a double-barreled shot-gun that stood in a corner.

"What did this gun cost, Angus?" he asked.

"I don't exactly remember; somewhere about a hundred and fifty, I think," Angus replied.

"It's a breech-loader, isn't it? Come and show me how it works," Tulip said, examining the gun with great attention.

Angus rose to his feet, crossed the room, and commenced to explain the peculiarities of the gun to Tulip. His back was turned to the safe, where O'Connel was still on his knees before it.

Hardly had Angus left his side, when O'Connel deftly drew the key from the lock of the safe, and, with a small piece of wax, which he drew from his vest-pocket—apparently provided for just such a chance as this—he took an impression of the key. Then he put the wax away, returned the key to its place, and closing the safe-door, locked it.

"Have you changed the combination?" Angus asked.

"No," O'Connel replied, rising and handing him the key.

"You see how it works?" Montgomery said to Tulip, referring to the gun.

"Oh, yes, perfectly," Tulip replied.

"By the way, Tulip, are you going anywhere this evening?" asked Montgomery, suddenly, putting down the gun.

"Yes, O'Connel and I were going to call upon the countess," Tulip said.

"Come with us," O'Connel added.

"No, no, don't ask him!" Tulip cried, in mock despair; "what chance will we have to make an impression if he goes?"

"Oh, I'm not a dangerous rival!" Montgomery exclaimed, laughing.

"I submit under protest," Tulip rejoined.

"We will have time for a stroll down Broadway first," O'Connel said.

Then the three left the house.

As they passed into the street, Tulip contrived to exchange a word with O'Connel, unnoticed by Montgomery.

"Did you succeed?" Tulip asked.

"Yes," O'Connel replied.

"You had time enough?"

"Plenty."

"When will you make the attempt?"

"As soon as possible."

Then Montgomery joined them, and the three proceeded toward Broadway.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DOG-MAN CALLS UPON THE COUNTESS.

LEONE, now known to the world as Leone Epernay, the daughter of a French count, but whom the reader knows better as Leone Basque, the music-teacher, sat in her luxuriously furnished parlor and looked out on busy Broadway.

Idly she watched the ever-moving throng. Her thoughts were elsewhere.

"It is a terrible game that Lionel is playing," she murmured, thoughtfully. "What can be his motive—money? yes; but some thing more than money. What can it be? Oh, I am tired of being his slave!" A wail of pain, heartfelt, was in her voice as she spoke.

"When will the time come that brings me release from my bondage? Not, I fear, until I am in grave-clothes. Oh! what a fate is mine. What am I? A lure to entice the man that I love with all my heart and soul. The beauty that nature has given me is now a curse. Why did not this man hate me? Yet, I can not find it in my heart to try and make him do so."

"No, in his presence, I am happy, I exert all my womanly gifts to make him like me. I play well the part that Lionel has forced me to act. I am ashamed of myself when I think of it." And, sorrowfully, Leone buried her face in her hands.

A low knock upon the door aroused her from her reverie.

Leone, with a sigh, raised her head.

"Come in!" she said, thinking that it was one of the servants of the hotel.

In obedience to the order, the door opened and a stranger entered.

He was a man a little below the medium size, dressed plainly, but not poorly. His face was a peculiar one, thin and with an impression of shrewdness visibly stamped upon it.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, with a low bow, removing his hat; "I 'opes I ain't intruding, but would you like to buy a dog?"

Then the man—who was Chris Pipgan in person—drew from a pocket of his coat one of the prettiest little dogs that Leone had ever seen. It was hardly bigger than a rat, a terrier of the kind called black and tan.

Leone was passionately fond of all living things, and, as the little puppy danced, brisk as a bee, about the room, she could not help admiring it.

"I am afraid that it would be too much trouble to keep him here in the hotel," she said.

"Not a bit of trouble, ma'am, and he's the best tempered little animal that ever was." And as Pipgan spoke he was watching Leone, narrowly, with a covert glance.

"No, I fear I could not take care of him," Leone said.

"Why, he'll take care of himself, ma'am."

"What's his name?"

"Mally, ma'am."

"Mally? Why, what a strange name?" Leone said, in wonder.

"Yes, it is 'odd, isn't it, ma'am?" said the dog-fancier, thoughtfully, as if the oddness of the dog's name had just occurred to him.

him: "You see, ma'am, Mally is short for Malper—Oh, Christmas! I've done it, now!" he cried, in excitement, for, at the mention of the name, Leone, with a low moan, had fainted.

"What a cussed fool I was to blurt it out!" he cried, in despair, as he bent over the senseless girl. "I might have known that she ain't made of iron, but just the most delicate piece of handwork that old Mother Nature ever turned out; and now I've killed her. You fool, you!" and Pipgan began to tear his hair in despair, while the puppy, astonished at the noise, sat on its haunches and surveyed the scene with wonder.

A low sigh came from the girl. A glass of water was standing on the table, Pipgan ran to it, and then returning to Leone's side, sprinkled the water over her forehead.

Slowly, Leone's sense came back to her. She opened her eyes, wearily. As her look fell upon the face of the dog-fancier, she shuddered.

"The puppy sorry you're sick, ma'am," he said, humbly.

"I—I suppose that it was the heat of the room," Leone said, in confusion; her eyes searching the face of the stranger as though she expected to read something written therein. But she saw nothing in his features to excite her fears.

"You're better now, ma'am?" he said.

"Yes, much better," she replied.

"I'm very glad," and Pipgan showed it in his face. "Do you think that you'd like the little dog, ma'am?"

"I do not think that I could take care of him." Then Leone looked wistfully into his face as if she wanted to say something more. But the dog-fancier pretended not to notice the look.

"It is a very pretty little dog," Leone said, absently.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Pipgan.

"What—what did you say the dog's name was?" Leone asked, her voice trembling in spite of her efforts to appear calm and unconcerned.

"It is a very odd name," Leone said, slowly.

"Yes, ma'am. I don't know who gave the puppy the name. The man that I bought him from yesterday said that was his name, and that was how I knew it," the dog-man explained.

"It is a very strange name," the girl said, absently.

"Yes, his name?" repeated Leone.

"Mally, short for Malper, ma'am," said the man, slowly, and raising his eyes to the face of the girl.

Again Leone tried to read the face of the dog-man, but again the attempt was useless.

"It is a very odd name," Leone said, slowly.

"Yes, ma'am. I don't know who gave the puppy the name. The man that I bought him from yesterday said that was his name, and that was how I knew it," the dog-man said.

To the keen eyes of Pipgan it was plain that the young girl's thoughts were neither of the dog nor of his name, but far away.

"Then, you think that you don't want to buy a dog?" Pipgan said, taking up the puppy and putting it away, snugly, in one of his large pockets.

"No, thank you," replied Leone.

"I axes you pardon, miss, for disturbing you," said Pipgan, awkwardly backing out.

Then the door closed behind him.

Once secure from observation, Pipgan's manner changed entirely.

Thoughtfully he stood, biting his fingers.

"Shall I?" he murmured. "Why not? That's the question; why not? Anybody else would, why not I? Some chaps would coin many a bank-note out of this gold mine. How the name fetched her! Blessed if I didn't feel sorry for her, poor, young kitten! I wasn't sure about it; but, now, I'd take my 'davy' afore any 'beak' in 'Lumun' town. What's to be done? that's the question. It will cost me a matter of fifty pounds to use the cable and telegraph, maybe; and fifty pounds in gold, a good many dollars in greenbacks. But, as I said afore, why shouldn't I? I'll think over it."

Then Mr. Chris Pipgan took his way quietly out of the hotel.

After the departure of the dog-fancier Leone remained motionless, like one in a maze.

For full ten minutes she sat, fixed as a statue; then she suddenly rose and began, reluctantly, to pace up and down the room.

"What can this mean?" she exclaimed. "Is this only a strange coincidence, or is it a warning of danger? Shall I tell Lionel? Ha! He will only laugh at me. Oh, what a foolish child I am to fear! I see a specter in every shadow, like a school-girl in the dark. I should have stronger nerves, for I will need them. I have a difficult scheme to carry out, and yet the thought of failure has never entered my mind."

Then Leone seated herself again by the window.

With the evening came the three young men, Angus, Montgomery, Tulip, Roche and Lionel O'Connel.

As Montgomery clasped the taper fingers extended to give him welcome, felt the soft pressure of the slender white hand, and saw the eyes of the young girl beam with delight, he felt a subtle influence stealing over him. It was like the poison of the flowers, it lulled every sense to sleep forgetfulness, and yet to forget—to sleep—was to die.

But, Angus Montgomery did not resist the sweet, magnetic influence.

In the glad smile of Leone he forgot Frances Chauncy and her heart of ice.

The evening passed rapidly away.

"What do you think of her?" asked O'Connel, carelessly, as they proceeded through Twenty-ninth street.

"The most beautiful woman that I have ever laid eyes on!" exclaimed Montgomery, in rapture.

"What, Angus, as bad as that?" said O'Connel, laughing.

"Oh, a clear case of love at first sight!" cried Tulip, joining in the laugh.

"You may laugh as much as you please, gentlemen, but it is the truth," Montgomery replied.

"What, that you are over head and ears in love with this divine creature?" exclaimed O'Connel.

"Pshaw! you know I didn't mean that!" replied Montgomery; "but, laugh as much as you please, I freely confess that if the heart of Miss Leone is still her own, I intend to try and win it."

"Pistols and coffee!" cried O'Connel, theatrically.

"We'll have to resign all claim!" exclaimed Tulip, in a tone of extreme sadness, and with a comic look.

"Mally? Why, what a strange name?" Leone said, in wonder.

"Yes, it is 'odd, isn't it, ma'am?" said the dog-fancier, thoughtfully, as if the oddness of the dog's name had just occurred to him.

"Come, gentlemen, join me in a glass of champagne before you go home; drink to the success of my wooing!" exclaimed Angus.

"With all my heart!" Tulip cried.

"I second the motion," O'Connel added.

Then the three proceeded to Montgomery's house. With the foaming champagne in their glasses, the perfumed incense filling the air, they pledged the health of Leone, Countess of Epernay, and Angus Montgomery.

A second bottle followed the first, and then the little party broke up.

Angus accompanied his friends to the door, bade them "good-night," and then retired to his chamber.

Bright were the thoughts of the young man, and high were his hopes.

The future looked clear and joyous. All the love that was in his heart for the blonde beauty, Frances Chauncy, had faded out, and in its place sprung up the fiery passion that the passionate dark eyes of the beautiful Leone had inspired.

Angus sat down by the window for a few minutes, looked out upon the darkness of the night, and vaguely speculated upon the future.

Then he proceeded to prepare for rest.

Angus turned the gas down low, and then went to bed.

It was some time before sleep came to him.

The face of the beautiful girl, Leone, danced before his closed eyes. Thoughts of her were in his mind and kept sleep from him.

But at last tired nature exerted its power, and Montgomery slept.

How long the young man had slept he knew not, when a sudden stealthy noise awoke him.

He opened his eyes, and beheld two dark forms, their faces concealed by black masks, standing by his bed.

The gas, burning dimly, shed a weird light over the chamber.

Montgomery would have cried aloud, but a gleaming dagger at his throat checked his utterance.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 40.)

#### Nellie's Peril.

BY "BRUIN" ADAMS.

THE evening sun was dropping behind a heavy bank of clouds that lay along the western horizon, when Nellie Wayland left her father's cabin, and with a brisk step, and heart full of gladness, took her way down a secluded path that led to the old beech-tree

## A SONG.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

What shall I sing about, say?—  
(Something to sing of I've not),  
Something that's funny and gay?  
Something that's solemn or what?  
Lambs, geese, poodles, or what?  
Men, women, or what?  
Or lie that's decided y rich?  
Or something that's mournful but true?

What shall I sing about, say?  
I'll sing about nothing or less,  
It doesn't much matter to me,  
So I'll straight go to singing by guess;—  
Warm weather's come to be having in Greenland,  
And cold is in India, and the suns;  
But it's not a whit better in Finland,  
Where fishes slide down on the mountains.

The headache I've got in my foot,  
A'sure as the sun shone all white,  
A grindstone's the same to a blind man;  
As a little black dog that's all white.  
I have found that a girl don't object  
To have a kiss on her lips;  
Then I've tried it plain, not suspect,  
For you know I'm as nice as a sheep,

A man in a bramble-bush, jumped  
And scratched one or both of his eyes out;  
When you scratch the superfluous lies out.)  
And when he found out they were out,  
I'll straight to the bramble he flies back,  
And jumps in to scratch his own back,  
He's scratched both of his eyes back.

If I had a remarkable dog,  
I'd pat with a club on his head,  
His tail he would prettily wag,  
And then he would keel over, dead,  
But I'm singing by guess, and my notes  
Have the beauty of being not long,  
While I have nothing to sing on, and I  
Why you can take this for a song.

## The General's Ward.

BY CAPT. CHAS. HOWARD.

"Hark! what mean those reports of fire-arms? Are the Americans so near our dwelling, uncle?"

The beautiful Mexican girl started back, and gazed, with a frightened look, into her guardian's face.

The old warrior smiled, and brought the rosy color back to her cheeks with a kiss, as he answered:

"Have no fears, Almedia. The American army is no nearer than Saltillo. The firing means that my brave rancheros have intercepted one or more of the blue-coated couriers, bearing dispatches from Wool to Worth, or vice versa. I regret that my wound prevents me from taking the field; but I can be of some service to beloved Mexico, at home. Knowing that General Wool will find his march to Chihuahua obstructed by the impassable Sierra Madre, and that he will seek to join Worth at Saltillo, I posted ten rancheros in the mountains to capture couriers passing between the two armies, and bring them to me to—yes, to die!"

Almedia was about to speak, when the tramp of horses smote her ears, and gazing down into the moonlit valley, from the tiered-porch, upon which she stood, she beheld a band of troopers cantering toward the dwelling.

"Ha! they come, they come!" cried the old General, espying the approaching band. "And they return victorious, for I see a bound man in their midst."

"See, with what a noble air he occupies the saddle, uncle. He seems more the conqueror than the conquered!"

"What! Almedia!" cried Vegas, a flush of anger mantling his face; "dost thou bestow praise upon the enemies of thy distrusted country?"

"Pardon me, dear uncle," said the girl, quickly, seeing that she had offended her warrior-relative. "I wish I had not spoken; but words once uttered can not be recalled."

"Enough, my pretty ward; I pardon you. But let us be silent now, for the American is very near."

The next moment the commander of the rancheros spurred his steed to the edge of the porch and saluted the General.

"I report eight rancheros and a prisoner to your excellency," said the captain.

"Eight!" cried the General; "where are the others?"

"They sleep among the mountains with American bullets in their heads. The blue-coat fought like a tiger; but we mastered him at last."

"Escort him within, Malerido. I would see the villain who slew two of my brave fellows."

The ranchero captain returned to the band which had drawn rein at no great distance, and escorted his prisoner to the porch. As the General stepped into the moonlight to obtain a good view of the features of the courier, a deadly pallor flitted across Almedia's face, and she fled into the house, lest her guardian might hear the name which was about to part her lips.

But she restrained herself until she reached her chamber, where she almost shrieked the name of the American prisoner;

"Butler Hardinge!"

Two years prior to the opening of our story, she and her guardian made a tour of the United States, and in the fashionable circles of the Quaker City she met Lieutenant Butler Hardinge, U. S. A. He escorted her, the beautiful Mexican heiress, to many places of interest, in Philadelphia, and secretly followed her to New York and so far north as Bangor. More than once she met the handsome Lieutenant, on a leave of absence that he kept clandestinely in Boston and other cities of the New England, in Boston, and knew that he loved her.

But he never declared his passion—never breathed into her ears the story of his adoration. Before he was aware of the fact that his leave of absence had expired, he was summoned to his regiment, stationed at some frontier point.

Had the stern rules of the military permitted him to remain a day longer in the smiles of Almedia, he would have declared his love, and heard from her lips the sweet assurance that she had loved him from the hour when first they met.

But now that he was prisoner, and beneath the same roof that sheltered her!

She knew her uncle to be a relentless man, and, at the same time, a patriot. A wound received at Resaca de la Palma had caused his withdrawal from the army for a time, during which he already had captured several American couriers whom he had executed.

Up to the present time, Almedia had not plead for the life of a single prisoner. She loved her country—believed that it had received manifold wrongs at the hands of the United States, and that the Federal armies were bands of invaders, whose reception should be the scaffold and the bullet.

Fate had placed her lover in her guardian's power. He was an American, like

those who had been executed; but should he perish on the scaffold without her speaking a word for his life?

No, no, no! She would plead for the life of the man she loved, though he wore a uniform she abhorred, and if pleading did not save him, bravery and cunning might. She would risk her life for his!

Thus she thought, as the minutes flitted by, and at last, tired with thinking, she sought her downy couch, while the young lieutenant restlessly paced the stony floor of a dungeon beneath the old mansion.

At last down chased the tiresome night away, and Almedia rose to plead for the life of her soldier-lover.

She found her guardian seated in an armchair of antique pattern, before the hearth. He greeted her with a kindly recognition, and in a moment, she had broached the subject nearest her heart.

"What!" cried the old General, starting to his feet; "do I hear aright? Almedia, do you plead for the life of one of Mexico's hated foes? Now he shall surely die. With the rising of another sun the fatal noose drops over his head, and he dances on Mexico's pure air."

Sternly the veteran spoke, and Almedia threw herself in tears before him. Summoning love and eloquence to her aid, she entreated her guardian to spare his prisoner's life; but the stout heart remained untouched.

"Tears and entreaties will avail you nothing, girl," he said, looking down upon her with unpitying eyes. "Cease! I command it. The accused American shall die!"

"He shall not die!" Almedia muttered, as she left the room and returned to her chamber.

She was determined to attempt a rescue the coming night, and, with ill-concealed anxiety awaited the arrival of the gloomy hours.

The old General retired early, as was his wont, and when the ancient clock proclaimed the hour of ten, Almedia was the only occupant of the mansion who had not yield to the wooings of the drowsy god.

Butler Hardinge was not asleep. He knew that the General had set apart the coming morn for his execution. Chained to the clammy wall of the circular dungeon, he knew that it was folly to attempt to escape unaided. He heard the tread of the unscrupulous before the iron door, and gave himself up for lost. But all was not lost; a sweet angel was hastening to his rescue.

"Thar never lived a better nor a braver man than Ned Brady, an' I'll ventur' to say that he hadn't an enemy, 'mong the whites, on the whole border."

"But you've been on the border long enough to know that we old fellers get to be what they call superstition, an' that's the reason, I reckon, why they don't like to fetch up the name of a man who goes wanderin' about after he has been dead these five-and-twenty year."

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